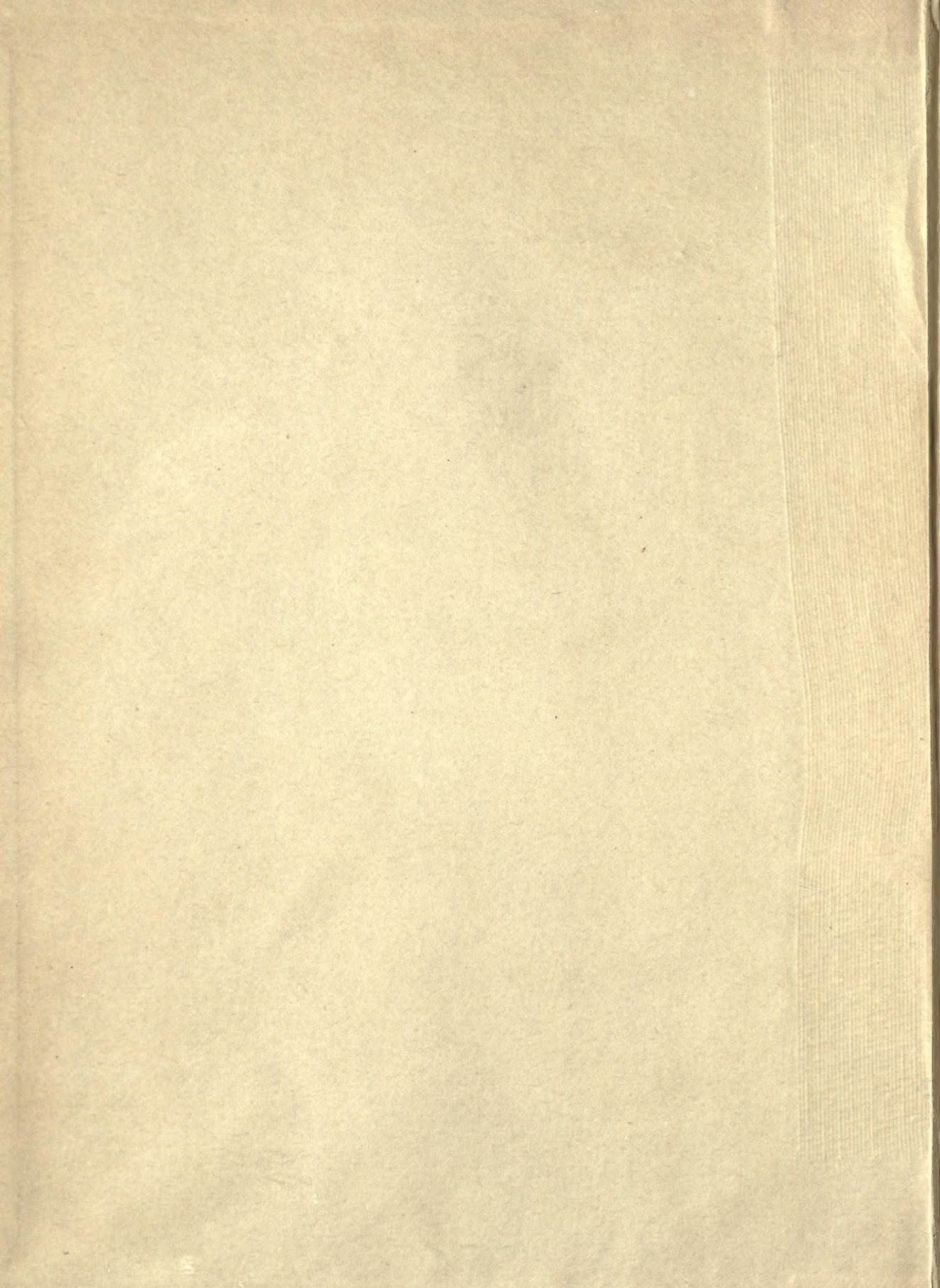


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Thomas Lord Cromwell

“Written by W. S.”

Date of Earliest Known Edition 1602

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, i. 20.]

Next issued in the third folio Shakespeare 1664

Also issued in the folio of 1685

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1912
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 117]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Thomas Lord Cromwell.

"Written by W. S."

1602

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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1602a

Thomas Lord Cromwell

"Written by W. S."

1602

"The True Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell" was entered on the Stationers' Register on August 11th, 1602, and was published the same year.

Another edition was issued in 1613, and the play appeared in the third Shakespeare Folio of 1664, as also in the Folio of 1685.

The only other known copy of the first edition is in the Bodleian Library.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports the execution, allowing for the insuperable limitations of photography, as again extremely good. The last page of the original, G3, recto, is very much soiled as well as damaged.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
True Chronicle Hi-

storie of the whole life and death
of *Thomas Lord Cromwell.*

As it hath beene sundrie times pub-
likely Acted by t^e Right Hono-
rable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Servants.

Written by W. S.



Imprinted at London for *William Iones*, and are
to be solde at his house neere Holburne con-
duict, at the signe of the Gunne.

1602.



The life and death of the Lord *Cromwell.*

*Enter three Smithes, Hodge and two other,
old Cromwels men.*

Hodge.



Ome masters, I thinke it be past fve a clock,
Is it not time we were at worke :

My old Master heele be stirring anon.

1. I cannot tell whether my old master will
be stirring or no: but I am sure I can hardly take
my afternoones nap, for my young Maister

Thomas,

He keepest such a quile in his studie,
With the Sunne, and the Moone, and the seauen starres,
That I do verily thinke heele read out his wits.

Hodge. He skill of the starres, theres goodman *Car of Fulloome,*
He that carryed vs to the strong Ale, where goodie *Trundell*
Had her maide got with childe : O he knowes the Starres,
Heele tickle you *Charles Waine* in nine degrees,
That same man will tell you goodie *Trundell*,
When her Ale shall miserie, onely by the starres.

2. I thats a great vertue, indeed I thinke *Thomas*
Be no body in comparison to him.

1. Well maisters come, shall we to our hammers?

Hodge. I content, first lets take our mornings draught,
And then to worke roundly.

2. I agreed, goe in *Hodge.*

Exit omnes.

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow morne, I doe salute thy brightnesse,
The night seemes tedious to my troubled soule :
Whose black obscuritie binds in my minde,
A thousand sundry cogitations :
And now *Aurora* with a liuely dye,
Addes comfort to my spirit that mountes on high.

The Life and Death of Thomas Cromwell

Too high indeede, my state being so meane,
My study like a minerall of golde:
Makes my hart proude wherein my hopes inrowld,
My bookes is all the wealth I do possesse,
And vnto them I haue ingaged my hart,
O learning how deuine thou seemes to me:
Within whose armes is all felicity;
Peace with your hammers leaue your knocking there,
You doe disturbe my study and my rest,
Leaue off I say you made me with the noyse.

*Here within they
must beate with
their hammers.*

Enter Hodge and the two Men.

Hodg. Why how now Maister Thomas how now,
Will you not let vs worke for you.

Crom. You fret my hart, with making of this noyse.

Hod. How fret your hart, I but *Thomas*, youle
fret your fathers purse if you let vs from working.

I this tis for him to make him a gentleman,
Shall we leaue worke for your musing, thats well I faith,
But here comes my olde maister now.

Enter olde Cromwell.

Old. Cro. You idle knaues, what are you loytring now,
No hammers walking and my worke to do:
What not a heate among your worke to day.

Hod. Marrie sir your sonne *Thomas* will not let vs worke at all,

Old. Cro. Why knaue I say, haue I thus carkde & card
And all to keepe thee like a gentleman,
And dost thou let my seruants at their worke:

That sweat for thee knaue, labour thus for thee.

Cro. Father their hammers doe offend my studie.

Old. Cro. Out of my doores knaue if thou likest it not,
I crie you mercie is your eares so fine:
I tell thee knaue these get when I doe sleepe,
I will not haue my Annull stand for thee.

Crom. Theres monie father I will pay your men. *He throwes*

Old. Cro. Haue I thus brought thee vp vnto my cost, *mony e-*
In hope that one day thou wouldst releue my age, *mong the*
And





of the Lord Cromwell.

And art thee now so lauish of thy coine,
To scatter it among these idle knaues?

Cro. Father be patient, and content your selfe,
The time will come I shall hold golde as trash:
And here I speake with a presaging soule,
To build a pallace where now this cottage standes,
As fine as is King *Henries* house at Sheene.

Old Cro. You build a house, you knaue youle be a begger,
Now afore God all is but cast away,
That is bestowed vpon this thriflesse lad,
Well had I bound him to some honest trade:
This had not beene, but it was his morhers doing,
To send him to the Vniuersitie,
How build a house where now this cottage standes,
As faire as that at Sheene, he shall not here me,
A good boy Tom, I con thee thanke Tom,
Well said Tom, gramarcies Tom,
Into your worke knaues, hence you sausie boy.

Exit all but young Cromwell.

Cro. Why should my birth keepe downe my mounting spirit,
Are not all creatures subiect vnto time:
To time, who doth abuse the world,
And filles it full of hodge-podge bastardie,
Theres legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their originall did spring from Kings:
And manie Monarkes now whose fathers were,
The raffe-rafte of their age: for Time and Fortune
Weares out a noble traine to beggerie,
And from the dunghill minions doe aduance
To state: and marke in this admiring world,
This is but course, which in the name of Fate,
Is seene as often as it whirles about:
The Riuer *Thames* that by our doore doth passe,
His first beginning is but small and shallow:
Yet keeping on his course, growes to a sea.
And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our age,
His birth as meane as mine, a Butchers sonne,

Now

The Life and Death

Now who within this land a greater man,
Then *Cromwell* cheere thee vp, and tell thy soule,
That thou maist liue to flourish and controule.

Enter olde Cromwell.

Old Crom. *Tom Cromwell*, what *Tom* I say?

Crom. Do you call sir,

Old Crom. Here is maister *Bowser* come to know, if you haue
dispatched his petition, for the Lords of the counsell or no.

Crom. Father I haue, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. Thats well said *Tom*, a good lad *Tom*.

Enter Maister Bowser.

Bow. Now Maister *Cromwell*, haue you dispatched this petition?

Crom. I haue sir, here it is, please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need, wee le read it as we go by water:

And Maister *Cromwell*, I haue made a motion

May do you good, and if you like of it.

Our Secretarie at *Amwarpe*, sir is dead,

And the Marchants there hath sent to me,

For to provide a man fit for the place:

Now I do know none fitter then your selfe,

If with your liking it stand maister *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my hart sir, and I much am bound,
In loue and dutie for your kindnesse showne.

Old Cro Body of me *Tom* make hast, least some body
Get betweene thee and home *Tom*.

I thanke you good maister *Bowser*, I thanke you for my boy,

I thanke you alwayes, I thanke you most hartely sir,

Hoe a cup of Beere there for maister *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need sir, maister *Cromwell* will you go.

Crom. I will attend you sir.

Old Crom. Farewell *Tom*, God blesse thee *Tom*,
God speed thee good *Tom*. *Exi omnes.*

Enter Bagot a Broker, solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatall vnto some,

And





of the Lord Cromwell.

And by their losse must *Bagot* seeke to gaine,
This is the lodging of maister *Fryskiball*,
A liberall Marchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand pound,
A Marchant Bankrout, whose Father was my maister,
What do I care, for pittie or regarde,
He once was wealthy, but he now is false,
And this morning haue I got him arrested,
At the sute of maister *Fryskiball*,
And by this meanes shall I be sure of coyne,
For dooing this same good to him vnknowne:
And in good time, see where the marchant comes.

Enter Fryskiball.

Bag. God morrow to kind maister *Fryskiball*.

Fri. God morrow to your selfe good maister *Bagot*,
And whats the newes you are so early stirring:
It is for gaine, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the loue sir that I beare to you,
When did you see your debter *Banister*?

Fri. I promise you, I haue not scene the man,
This two moneths day, his pouertie is such,
As I do thinke he shames to see his friends.

Bag. Why then assure your selfe to see him straight,
For at your sute I haue arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.

Fry. Arrest him at my sute, you were to blame,
I know the mans misfortunes to be such,
As hees not able for to pay the debt,
And were it knowne to some he were vndone.

Bag. This is your pittifull hart to thinke it so,
But you are much deceaued in *Banister*,
Why such as he will breake for fashion sake,
And vnto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred, O sir beware of him,
The man is lewdly giuen, to Dyce and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in harlots companies,

The Life and Death

It is no mercy for to pite him.

I speake the truth of him, for nothing els,

But for the kindnesse that I beare to you,

Fry. If it be so, he hath deceiued me much,

And to deale strictly with such a one as he,

Better seuerer then too much lenitie,

But here is Maister *Banister* himselfe,

And with him as I take the officers.

Enter Banister his wife and two officers.

Ban. O maister *Friskiball* you haue vndone me,

My state was well nigh ouerthrowne before,

Now altogether downe-cast by your meanes.

Mist. Ba. O maister *Friskiball*, pity my husbands case,

He is a man hath liued as well as any,

Till enuious fortune and the rauinous sea,

Did rob, disrobe, and spoile vs of our owne,

Fri. Mistresse *Banister*, I enuie not your husband,

Nor willingly would I haue vsed him thus:

But that I here he is so lewdly giuen,

Haunts wicked company, and hath enough,

To pay his debts, yet will not be knowne thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,

Whom I haue often from my Trencher sed,

Ingratefull Villaine for to vse me thus:

Bag. What I haue said to him is naught but truth.

Ms. Ban. What thou hast said, springs from an enuious hart,

A Canniball that doth eate men aliue,

But here vpon my knee belecue me sir,

And what I speake, so helpe me God is true,

We scarce haue meate to feed our little babes,

Most of our Plate is in that Brokers hand,

Which had we mony to dephray our debt,

O thinke we would not bide that penurie:

Be mercifull, kinde maister *Friskiball*,

My husband, children, and my selfe will eate,

But one meale a day, the other will we keepe and sell, and the same

of the Lord Cromwell,

As part to pay the debt we owe to you:
If euer teares did pierce a tender minde,
Be pittifull, let me some fauour finde.

Bag. Be not you so mad fir, to belecue hir teares.

Fri. Go to, I see thou art an enuious man,
Good misteris *Banister* kneele not to me,
I pray rise vp. you shall haue your desire.
Holde officers be gone, theres for your paines,
You know you owe to me a thousand pound,
Here take my hand, if eare God make you able,
And place you in your former state: gaine;
Pay me: but if still your fortune frowne,
Vpon my faith Ile neuer aske you crowne:
I neuer yet did wrong to men in thrall.
For God doth know what to my selfe may fall.

Ban. This vnexpected fauour vnderfuerd,
Doth make my hart bleed inwardly with ioy,
Nere may ought prosper with me is my owne,
If I forget this kindnesse you haue showne.

Mr. Ba. My child en in their prayers both night and day,
For your good fortune and successe shall pray.

Fri. I thanke you both, I pray goe dine with me,
Within these three dayes, if God giue me leaue,
I will to *Florence* to my natue home,

Bagot holde, theres a Portague to drinke,
Although you ill deserued it by your merit,
Giue not such cruell scope vnto your hart,
Beture the ill you do will be requited,
Remember what I say, *Bagot* farewell,
Come Maister *Banister* you shall with me,

My fare is but simple; but welcome hartily. *Exit all but Bagot.*

Bag. A plague goe with you, would you had eate your last,
Is this the thanks I haue for all my paines,
Confusion light vpon you all for me,
Where he had wont to giue a score of crownes,
Doth he now foyst me with a Portague:
Well I will be reuenged vpon this *Banister*.

The Life and Death

Ile to his creditors, buie all the debt he owes,
As seeming that I do it for good will,
I am sure to haue them at an easie rate,
And when tis done, in christendome he staies not,
But ile make his hart to ake with sorrow,
And if that *Banister* become my debter,
By heauen and earth ile make his plague the greater. *Exit Bagot.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now gentlemen imagine, that young *Cromwell*,
In *Answarpe* Ledger for the English Marchantes:
And *Banister* to shunne this *Bagots* hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to *Answarpe*, with his wife and children,
Which *Bagot* hearing is gone after them:
And thether sendes his billes of debt before,
To be reuenged on wretched *Banister*,
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A iust requitall of false trecherie. *Exit.*

*Cromwell in his study with bagges of money
before him casting of account.*

Cro. Thus farre my reckoning doth go straight & euen,
But *Cromwell* this same ployding fits not thee:
Thy minde is altogether set on trauell,
And not to liue thus cloystered like a Nunne,
It is not this same trash that I regard;
Experience is the iewell of my hart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I praie sir are you readie to dispatch me.

Cro. Yes heres those summes of monie you must carie,
You goe so farre as Frankford do you not.

Post. I doe sir.

Cro. Well prethie make all the hast thou canst;
For there be certaine English gentlemen:
Are bound for Venice, and may hapilie want,
And if that you should linger by the way:
But in hope that youle make good speed,

Theres



of the Lord Cromwell.

Theres two Angels to buie you spurres and wandes.

Pe. Ithanke you sir this will ad winges indeede.

Cro. Golde is of power would make an Eagles speed.

Enter Mistris Banister.

What gentlewoman is this that greeues so much,
It seemes she doth adresse her selfe to me.

Mi. Ba. God saue you sir, praie is your name maister *Cromwell.*

Cro. My name is *Thomas Cromwell* gentlewoman.

Mi. Ba. Know you not one *Bago* sir, thats come to *Antwarpe.*

Cro. No trust me, I neuer saw the man,
But here are bulles of debt I haue receiued,
Against one *Banister* a Marchant fallen into decaie.

Mi. Ba. Into decaie indeede, long of that wretch,
I am the wife to wofull *Banister*:

And by that bloudie villaine am persuide,
From London here to *Antwarpe,*

My husband he is in the gouernours handes:
And God of heauen knowes how heele deale with him,
Now sir your hart is framed of milder temper,
Be mercifull to a distressed soule,
And God no doubt will trebell blesse your gaine.

Cro. Good mistris *Banister*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.

Mi. Ba. O speake to *Bago* that same wicked wretch,
An Angells voyce may mooue a damned diuell.

Cro. Why is he come to *Antwarpe* as you here?

Mi. Ba. I hard he landed some two houres since.

Cro. Well mistris *Banister* assure your selfe,
Ile speake to *Bago* in your owne behalfe:
And winne him to all the pittie that I can,
Meane time, to comfort you in your distresse,
Receiue these Angells to relecue your neede,
And be assured that what I can effect:
To doe you good, no way I will neglect.

Mi. Ba. That mighty God that knowes each mortalles hart,
Keepe you from trouble sorrow grieve and smart.

Exit Mistris Banister.

The Life and Death

Crom. Thankes courteous woman,
For thy hartie praier:
It greues my soule to see her miserie,
But we that liue vnder the worke of fate,
Maie hope the best, yet knowes not to what state
Our starres and destinies hath vs assignde,
Fickle is fortune and her face is blinde.

Enter Bagot folow.

Bag. So all goes well, it is as I would haue it,
Banister he is with the *Gouernour*:
And shordlie shall haue giues vpon his heeles,
It glads my hart to thinke vpon the slaue,
I hope to haue his bodie rot in prison:
And after here, his wife to hang her selfe,
And all his children die for want of foode,
The Jewels that I haue brought to Antwarpe,
Are record to be worth fise thousand pound,
Which scardelie stode me in three hundreth pound,
I bought them at an easie kinde of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That sould them me, it comes not neare my hart:
And least they should be stolne as sure they are,
I thought it meete to sell them here in Antwarpe,
And so haue left them in the *Gouernours* hand,
Who offers me within two hundreth pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that,
I must go see and if my billes be safe,
The which I sent to maister *Cromwell*,
That if the winde should keepe me on the sea,
He might arest him here before I came:
And in good time, see where he is: God saue you sir.

Cro. And you, pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so sir, but my name is *Bagot*,
The man that sent to you the billes of debt.

Cro. O the man that persues *Banister*,
Here are the billes of debt you sent to me:
As for the man you know best where he is,





of the Lord Cromwell.

It is reported you haue a flintie hart,
A minde that will not stoope to anie pittie;
An eye that knowes not how to shed a teare,
A hand thats alwaies open for reward,
But maister *Bagot* would you be ruled by me;
You should turne all these to the contrarie,
Your hart should haue feeling of remorse,
Your minde according to your state be liberall,
To those that stand in neede and in distresse;
Your hand to helpe them that do stand in want,
Rather then with your payle to holde them downe,
For euerie ill turne show your selfe more kinde,
Thus should I doe, pardon I speake my minde.

Bag. I sir, you speake to here what I would say,
But you must liue I know, as well as I;
I know this place to be extortion,
And tis not for a man to keepe him,
But he must lie, cog, with his dearest friend;
And as for pittie, scorne it, hate all conscience,
But yet I doe commend your wit in this,
To make a show, of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you and tis well done,
This is the onelie way to bring your gaine.

Cro. My gaine: I had rather chaine me to an ore,
And like a slaue there toile out all my life,
Before ide liue so base a slaue as thou:
I like an hipocrite to make a show,
Of seeming vertue and a diuell within,
No *Bagot*, would thy conscience were as cleare,
Poore *Banister* nere had beene troubled here.

Bag. Nay good maister *Cromwell* be not angrie sir,
I know full well you are no such man;
But if your conscience were as white as snow,
It will be thought that you are other wise,

Cro. Will it be thought that I am other wise,
Let them that thinke so know they are deceiu'd;
Shall *Cromwell* liue to haue his faith misconstred,

The Life and Death

Antwarpe for all the wealth within thy Towne,
I will not stay here not two houres longer:
As good lucke serues my accountes are all made euen,
Therefore ile straight vnto the treasurer,
Bagot I know youle to the gouernour,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to traſaile,
To see the fruitefull partes of Italie,
And as you euer bore a Christian minde,
Let *Baniſter* ſome fauour of you finde.

Bag. For your ſake ſir ile helpe him all I can,
To ſtarue his hart out eare he gets a groate,
So maiſter *Cromwell* doe I take my leaue,
For I muſt ſtraight vnto the gouernour.

Exit Bagot.

Cro. Farewell ſir, pray you remember what I ſaid,
No *Cromwell*, no, thy hart was nere ſo bace:
To liue by falſhoode or by brokerie,
But falles out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in trauell ſhalbe ſpent.

Enter Hodge his fathers man.

Hod. Your ſonne *Thomas*, quoth you, I haue beene *Thomas*,
I had thought it had beene no ſuch matter to a gone by water: for
at Putnaie ile go you to Pariſh-garden for two pence, ſitte as ſtill as
may be, without any wagging or ioulting in my guttes, in a little
boate too: heere wee were ſcarce foure mile in the great greene
water, but I thinking to goe to my aftermoones vchnines, as twas
my manner at home, but I felt a kinde of riſing in my guttes: at
laſt one a the Sailers ſpying of me, be a good cheere ſayes hee, ſet
downe thy victualles, and vppe with it, thou haſt nothing but an
Eele in thy belly: Well toote went I, to my victualles went the
Sailers, and thinking I to bee a man of better experience then any
in the ſhippe, asked mee what Woode the ſhippe was made of:
they all ſwore I could them as right as if I had beene acquainted
with the Carpenter that made it, at laſt wee grew neere lande,
and



of the Lord Cromwell.

and I grewe villanous hungrie, went to my bagge, the diuell a bitte there was, the Sailers had tickled mee, yet I cannot blame them, it was a parte of kindnesse, for I in kindnesse toulde them what Woode the shippe was made of, and they in kindnesse eate vp my victualles, as indeede one good turne asketh another: Well would I, could I, finde my maister *Thomas* in this Dutch Towne, he might put some English Beare into my bellie.

Cro. What *Hodge* my fathers man, by my hand welcome,
How doth my father? whats the newes at home?

Hod. Maister *Thomas*, O God maister *Thomas*, your hand, gloue and all, this is to giue you to vnderstanding that your father is in health, and *Alice Downing* here hath sent you a Nutmeg, & *Besse Makewater* a race of Ginger, my fellow *Will & Tom* hath between them sent you a dozen of pointes, & good man *Tolle* of the Goate a paire of mittons, my selfe came in person, and this is all the newes.

Cro. Grammarie good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me,
But in as ill a time thou comest as may be:

For I am traueling into Italie,
What saist thou *Hodge* wilt thou beare me companie.

Hodge. Will I beare thee companie *Tom*, what tell'st me of Italie, were it to the furthest part of Flaunders, I would goe with thee *Tom*, I am thine in all weale and woe, thy owne to commaund, what *Tom*, I haue passed the rigorous waues of *Neptunes* blastes, I tell you *Thomas* I haue beene in the danger of the flouds, and when I haue seenne *Boreas* beginne to plaie the Ruffin with vs, then would I downe of my knees and call vppon *Vulcan*.

Cro. And why vpon him.

Hod. Because as this same fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, so *Vulcan* is Lord ouer the Smithies, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would haue some care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit, but tell hast thou dined yet?

Hod. *Thomas* to speake the truth, not a bit yet I.

Crom. Come go with me, thou shalt haue cheere good store.
And farewell *Antwarpe* if I come no more.

The Life and Death

Hodg. I follow thee sweet *Tom*, I follow thee.

Exit omnes.

Enter the Governour of the English house Bagot, Banister, his wife, and two officers.

Gover. Is *Cromwell* gone then, say you maister *Bagot*,
What dislike I pray, what was the cause?

Bag. To tell you true, a wilde braine of his owne,
Such youth as they cannot see when they are well:
He is all bent to trauaile, thats his reason,
And doth not loue to eate his bread at home.

Gou. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly shall finde such a one as he,
To fit our turnes, his dealings were so honest:
But now sir, for your Jewels that I haue,
What do you say, will you take my prise.

Bag. O sir, you offer too much vnderfoote.

Gou. Tis but two hundred pound betweene vs man,
What that in paiment of fise thousand pound.

Bag. Two hundred pound, birladie sir tis great,
Before I got so much, it made me sweat.

Gou. Well Maister *Bagot* Ile proffer you fairelie,
You see this Marchant maister *Banister*,
Is going now to prison at your sute.

His substance all is gone, what would you haue,
Yet in regarde I knew the man of wealth,
Neuer dishonest dealing, but such mishaps,
Hath false on him, may light on me, or you,
There is two hundred pound betweene vs,
We will deuide the same, Ile giue you one,
On that condition you will set him free:

His stee is nothing, that you see your selfe,
And where naught is, the King must lose his right.

Bag. Sir, sit, you speake out of your loue,
Tis foolish loue sir sure to pittie him:
Therefore content your selfe, this is my minde,
To do him good I will not bare a penie;

Ban. This is my comfort though thou doost no good,





of the Lord Cromwell.

A mighty ebbe followes a mighty floud.

Mr. Ba. O thou base wretch whom we haue fostered,
Euen as a Serpent for to poyson vs,
If God did euer right a womans wrong:
To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heany wrath fall on thy head,
By whome my hopes and ioyes are butchered.

Bag. Alas fond woman, I praie thee praie thy worst,
The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Maister Bowser a Marchant.

Go. Maister Bowser your welcome sir from England,
Whats the best newes? how doth all our friendes?

Bow. They are all well and do commend them to you,
Theres letters from your brother and your sonne:
So falre you well sir, I must take my leaue,
My hast and businesse doth require such.

Go. Before you dine sir, what go you out of towne.

Bow. I faith vnlesse I here some newes in towne,
I must away there is no remedie.

Go. Maister Bowser what is your busines, may I know it,
You may sir and so shall all the Cittie,

Bow. The King of late hath had his treasurie rob'd,
And of the choysest iewelles that he had:
The value of them was some seauen thousand pound,
The fellow that did steale these iewels, he is hanged,
And did confesse that for three hundred pound,
He sold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in London:
Now *Bagot* fled, and as we here to Antwarpe,
And hether am I come to seeke him out,
And they that first can tell me of his newes,
Shall haue a hundred pound for their reward.

Ba. How iust is God to right the innocent.

Go. Maister Bowser you come in happie time,
Here is the villaine *Bagot* that you seeke,
And all those iewels haue I in my handes,
Officers looke to him, should him fast.

Bag. The diuell ought me a shame, and now hath paide it.

The Life and Death

Bow. Is this that *Bagot*? fellowes beare him hence,
We will not now stand for his replie;
Lade him with Yrons, we will haue him tride
In England where his villanies are knowne.

Bag. Mischiefe, confusion, light vpon you all,
O hang me, drowne me, let me kill my selfe,
Let go my armes let me run quick to hell.

Bow. Away, beare him away, stop the slaues mouth,

They carry him away.

Mi. B. Thy workes are infinite, great God of heauen.

Gou. I hard this *Bagot* was a wealthie fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were zeased,
Of Iewels, coine, and Plate within his house,
Was found the value of fīue thousand pound,
His furniture fullie worth halfe so much,
Which being all strainde for, for the King,
He francklie gaue it to the *Antwarpe* marchants,
And they againe, out of their bountious minde,
Hath to a brother of their companie,
A man decaide by fortune of the Seas,
Giuen *Bagots* wealth, to set him vp againe:
And keepe it for him, his name is *Banister*.

Gou. Maister *Bowser*, with this happie newes,
You haue reuiued two from the gates of death,
This is that *Banister*, and this his wife.

Bow. Sir I am glad my fortune is so good,
To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You haue giuen life vnto a man deemed dead,
For by these newes, my life is newlie bred.

Mi. B. Thankes to my God, next to my Soueraigne King,
And last to you that these good hopes doth bring.

Gou. The hundred pound I must receiue as due.
For finding *Bagot*, I freelie giue to you.

Bow. And Maister *Banister*, if so you please,
Ile beare you companie, when you crosse the Seas.

Ban. If it please you sir, my companie is but meane,
Stands with your liking, Ile waite on you.





of the Lord Cromwell.

Gow. I am glad that all things do accorde so well :
Come Maister *Bowser*, let vs in to dinner :
And Mistrisse *Banister*, be mery woman,
Come after sorrow now, lets cheere your spirit,
Knaues haue their due, and you but what you merit.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their shirtes, and
without Hattes.*

Hod. Call yee this seeing of fashions ?
Marrie would I had staide at *Putnais* still,
O Maister *Thomas*, we are spoiled we are gone.

Crom. Content thee man, this is but fortune.

Hodg. Fortune, a plague of this Fortune makes me go wetshod,
the roague's would not leaue me a shooe to my feete, for my hoase
they scorned them with their heeles, but for my Dublet and Harte,
O Lord they imbrased me, and vnlaed me, and tooke away my
cloathes, and so disgraced me.

Crom. Well *Hodge*, what remedie ?
What shift shall we make now ?

Hodge. Naie I know not, for begging I am naught, for stealing
worse : by my troth I must euen fall to my olde trade, to the Ham-
mer and the Horse heeles againe : but now the worst is, I am not
acquainted with the humor of the horses in this countrie, whether
they are not coultish, giuen much to kicking, or no, for when I haue
one legge in my hand, if he should vp and laie tother of my chops,
I were gone, there laie I, there laie *Hodge*.

Crom. *Hodge* I belecue thou must worke for vs both.

Hodge. O Maister *Thomas*, haue not I tolde you of this, haue
not I manie a time and often, said *Tom*, or Maister *Thomas*, learne
to make a Horse-shooe, it will be your owne another day : this was
not regarded. Harke you *Thomas*, what doe you call the fellows
that robd vs.

Crom. The Bandetto.

Hod. The Bandetto doe you call them, I know not what they
are called here, but I am sure wee call them plaine theeues in

The Life and Death

England, O *Thomas* that we were now at Putney, at the ale there.

Cro. Content thee man, here set vp these two billes,
And let vs keepe our standing on the bridge:
The fashion of this countrie is such,
If any stranger be oppressed with want,
To write the manner of his miserie,
And such as are disposed to succour him,
Will doe it, what hast thou set them vp?

Hod. I their vp, God send some to reade them,
And not onelie to reade them, but also to looke on vs:
And not altogether to looke on vs, *One standes at one end,*
But to releue vs, O colde, colde colde. *and one at tother.*

*Enter Friskiball the Marchant and
reades the billes.*

Fris. Whats here? two Englishmen rob'd by the Bandetto,
One of them seemes to be a gentleman:
Tis pittie that his fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate handes of theecues,
Ile question him of what estate he is,
God saue you sir, are you an Englishman?

Cro. I am sir a distressed Englishman.
Fris. And what are you my friend.

Hod. Who I sir, by my troth I do not know my self what I am now,
but sir, I was a smith sir, a poore Farrier of Putney, thats my maister
in yonder, I was robbed for his sake sir.

Fris. I see you haue beene met by the Bandetto,
And therefore neede not aske how you came thus:

But *Friskiball* why doost thou question them,
Of their estate and not releue their neede,

Sir the coine I haue about me is not much:

Theres sixteene Duckets, for to cloath your selues,

Theres sixteene more to buie your diet with,

And thers sixteene to paie for your horse hire:

Tis all the wealth you see my purse possesses,

But if you please for to enquire me out,

You shall not want for ought that I can doe,

My name is *Friskiball* a *Floures* Marchant,

A man





of the Lord Cromwell.

A man that alwayes loued your nation:

Crom. This vnexpected fauour at your hands,
Which God doth know, if euer I shall requite it,
Necessitie makes me to take your bountie,
And for your gold can yeeld you naught but thankses,
Your charitie hath helpt me from dispaire:
Your name shall still be in my hartie praier.

Fri. It is not worth such thankses: come to my house,
Your want shall better be releu'd then thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To beare my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earle is much distressed:
An Englishman, *Russell* the Earle of *Beaford*,
Is by the French King, solde vnto his death,
It may fall out, that I may doe him good,
To saue his life, Ile hazard my hart blood:
Therefore kinde sir, thankses for your liberall gift,
I must be gone to aide him ther's no shift.

Fri. Ile be no hinderer to so good an acte,
Heauen prosper you, in that you goe about:
If Fortune bring you this way backe againe,
Pray let me see you: so I take my leaue,
All good a man can wish, I doe bequeath.

Exit Friskiball.

Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your head,
Theres few such men within our climate bred.
How say you now *Hodge*, is not this good fortune.

Hod. How say you, Ile tell you what maister *Thomas*
If all men be of this Gentlemans minde,
Lets keepe our standings vpon this Bridge,
We shall get more here with begging in one day,
Then I shall with making Horschoes in a whole yeare.

Crom. No *Hodge*, we must begone vnto *Bononia*,
There to relecue the noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Where if I faile not in my policie,
I shall deceiue their subtile treacherie.

Hodge. Naye Ile follow you, God blesse vs from the theeuing
Bandetioes againe.

Exit omne

Enter.

The Life and Death

Enter Bedforde and his Hoast.

Bed. Am I betraide, was *Bedforde* borne to die,
By such base slaues in such a place as this:
Haue I escaped so many times in *France*,
So many battailes haue I ouer passed,
And made the French stirre when they hard my name;
And am I now betraide vnto my death,
Some of their harts blood first shall pay for it.

Hoa. They do desire my Lord to speake with you.

Bed. The traitors doe desire to haue my blood,
But by my birth, my honour, and my name:
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them deare,
Open the dore, ile venter out vpon them,
And if I must die, then ile die with honour.

Hoa. Alas my Lord that is a desperate course,
They haue begirt you round about the house:
Their meaning is to take you prisoner,
And so to send your bodie vnto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as drie as sand,
Before aliue they send me vnto *France*:
Ile haue my bodie first bored like a Siue,
And die as *Hector*, gainst the *Mirmidons*,
Eare *France* shall boast *Bedfordes* their prisoner,
Trecherous *France* that gainst the law of armes:
Hath here betraide thy enemy to death,
But be assured my blood shalbe reuenged,
Vpon the best liues that remaines in *France*,
Stand backe, or els thou run'st vpon thy death.

Enter a Seruant.

Mes. Pardon my Lord, I come to tell your honour,
That they haue hired a *Negopolitani*:
Who by his oratorie hath promised them,
Without the shedding of one drop of blood,
Into their handes safe to deliuer you,
And therefore craues none but himselfe may enter,
And a poore swaine that attendes on him.

Exit seruanc.

Bed. A





of the Lord Cromwell.

Bed. A *Neopolitan* bid him come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence:
As *Cicero* the famous man of *Rome*,
His wordes would be as chaffe against the winde,
Sweete tong'd *Ulysses* that made *Aiaxe* mad;
Were he and his tounge in this speakers head,
Aliue he winnes me not, then tis no conquest dead.

*Enter Cromwell like a Neopolitan, and
Hodge with him.*

Cro. Sir are you the maister of the house,

Hoa. I am sir.

Cro. By this same token you must leaue this place,
And leaue none but the Earle and I together,
And this my Pessant here to tend on vs.

Hoa. With al my hart, God grant, you doe some good.

Exit Hoast. Cromwell shews the dore.

Bed. Now sir, whats your will with me?

Cro. Intends your honour, not to yeeld your selfe:

Bed. No good man goose, not while my sword doth last,
Is this your eloquence for to perswade me.

Cro. My Lord my eloquence is for to saue you,
I am not as you iudge a *Neopolitan*:

But *Cromwell* your seruant, and an Englishman.

Bed. How *Cromwel*, not my Farmers sonne.

Cro. The same sir, and am come to succour you.

Hod. Yes faith sir, and I am *Hodge* your poore Smith,
Many a time and oft, haue I shooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what auails it me that thou art here.

Cro. It may auaille if youle be rul'd by me,
My Lord you know the men of *Mantua*;
And these *Bononians* are at deadlie strife,
And they my Lord, both loue and honour you,
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* port,
Then were you safe despite of all their force.

Bed. Tut man thou talkest of thinges impossible,
Dost thou not see that we are round beset?
How then is it possible, we should escape.

The Life and Death

Crom. By force we cannot, but by pollicie,
Put on the apparell here that *Hodge* doth weare,
And giue him yours: the States they know you not,
For as I thinke they neuer saw your face,
And at a watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire, that we safe may passe:
To *Mantua*, where Ile say my businesse lies,
How doth your Honor like of this deuise?

Bed. O wondrous good: But wilt thou venter *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I O noble Lord, I do accorde, in any thing I can,
And do agree, to set thee free, do fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then lets change our apparrell straight.

Crom. Goe *Hodge* make hast, least they chance to call.

Hod. I warrant you ile fit him with a sute. Exit *Earle* & *Hodge*.

Crom. Heauens graunt this pollicie doth take successe,
And that the Earle may safelie scape away.

And yet it greeues me for this simple wretch,

For feare they should offer him violence,

But of two euils, tis best to shun the greatest,

And better is it that he liues in thrall,

Then such a Noble Earle as he should fall.

Their stubborne harts, it may be will relent:

Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent,

My Lord haue you dispatched.

*Enter Bedford like the Clowne, and Hodge in his
cleeke and his Hat,*

Bed. How doost thou like vs *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O my Lord excellent, *Hodge* how doost feelee thy selfe?

Hodge. How do I feelee my selfe, why as a Noble man should do,

O how I feelee honor come creeping on,

My Nobilitie is wonderfull melancholicke:

Is it not most Gentleman like to be melancholicke,

Crom. Yes *Hodge*, now goe sute downe in his studie.

And take state vpon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you my Lord, let me alone to take state vpon





of the Lord Cromwell.

me: but harke you my Lord, do you feele nothing bite about you?

Bed. No trust me *Hodge*.

Hod. I they know they want their pasture; its a strange thing
of this vermine, they dare not meddle with Nobilitie.

Crom. Go take thy place *Hodge*, Ile call them in.

All is done, enter
and if you please.

Hodge sits in the study, and *Crom-*
well calles in the States.

Enter the States and Officers, with Halberts.

Gon. What haue you wone him? will he yeelde himselfe?

Crom. I haue ante please you, and the quiet Earle,
Doth yeeld himselfe to be disposed by you.

Gon. Giue him the monie that we promised him,
So let him go, whether it please himselfe.

Crom. My businesse fir lies vnto *Mantua*,
Please you to giue me safe conduct thether.

Gon. Goe and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And see him safe deliuered presently, *Exit Cromwell and*
Goe draw the curtaines, let vs see the Earle, *Bedford.*
O he is writing, stand apart awhile,

Hodge. Fellow *William*, I am not as I haue beene, I went from
you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord: I am at this present writing,
among the *Polonyan* *Casiges*. I do commend my Lordship to *Raphe*
& to *Roger*, to *Bridget* & to *Doritte*, & so to all the youth of *Putney*.

Gon. Sure these are the names of English Noblemen,
Some of his speciall friends, to whom he writes:
But stay he doth adresse himselfe to sing. *Here he sings a song.*
My Lord I am glad you are so frolick and so blithe,
Beleeue me noble Lord if you knew all,
Youde change your merrie vaine to sudden sorrow.

Hodg. I change my merrie vaine, no thou *Bononian*, no,
I am a Lord and therefore let me goe,
And doe defie thee and thy *Safigis*,
Therefore stand off, and come not neere my honor.

Gon. My Lord this iesting cannot serue your turne.

Hod. Dooft thinke thou blacke *Bononyan* beast,
That I doe floure, doe gibe or iest,
No, no, thou Beare-pot, know that I, a noble Earle, a Lord pardie.

D

Gon.

The Life and Death

Gen. What meanes this Trumpets sound.

A Trumpet soundes. Enter a Messenger.

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.

Gen. What would you with vs speake, thou man of *Mantua*?

Mes. Men of *Bononia*: this my message is,

Let you know the Noble Earle of *Bedford*:

Is safe within the towne of *Mantua*,

And willes you send the peasant that you haue,

Who hath deceived your expectation,

Or els the States of *Mantua* haue vowed:

They will recall the truce that they haue made,

And not a man shall *Run*, from forth your towne,

That shall returne vnlesse you send him backe.

Go. O this misfortune how it mads my hart,

The *Neapolitan* hath beguiled vs all;

Hence with this foole: what shall we do with him,

The Earle being gone a plague vpon it all.

Hod. No ile assure you I am no Earle, but a smith sir,

One *Hodge*, a smith at Putney sir:

One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you sir.

Gen. Away with him, take hence the foole you came for.

Hod. I sir: and ile leaue the greater foole with you.

Mes. Farewell *Bononians*, come friend a long with me.

Hod. My friend afore, my Lordship will follow thee.

Exit.

Gen. Well *Mantua*, since by thee the Earle is lost,
Within few dayes I hope to see thee crofd. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus farre you see how *Cromwells* fortune passed,

The Earle of *Bedford* being safe in *Mantua*:

Desires *Cromwells* compatie into *France*,

To make requitall for his courtesie,

But *Cromwell* doth denie the Earle his sute:

And telles him that those partes he meant to see,

He had not yet set footing on the land,

And so directlie takes his way to *Spaine*:

The Earle to *France*, and so they both do part,

Now let your thoughts as the winde,

Skip



of the Lord Cromwell.

Skip some few yeares, that *Cromwell* spent in trauell,
And now imagine him to be in England:
Seruant vnto the maister of the Roules,
Wherein short time where he beganne to flourish,
An houre shall show you what few yeares did cherish. *Exit.*

The Musick plays, they bring out the banquet. Enter Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell, and two seruants.

Hales. Come sirs, be carefull of your maisters credit,
And as our bountie now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment: so do you
With lookes as free, as is your maisters soule,
Giue former welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receiue the Cardinals followers.
And the attendants of the Lord Chancellor.
But all my care *Cromwell* depends on thee,
Thou art a man, differing from vulgar forme,
And by how much thy spirit is sanctified these,
In rules of Arte, by so much it shines brighter by tranell,
Whose obseruance pleades his merit,
In a most learned, yet vnaffected spirit,
Good *Cromwell* cast an eye of faire regarde,
Bout all my house, and what this ruder flesh,
Through ignorance, or wine, do miscreate,
Salue thou with curtesie: if welcome want,
Full bowles, and ample banquets will seeme scant.

Crom. Sir, what soeuer lies in me,
Assure I will shew my vtmost dutie. *Exit Crom.*

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here,
Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather sute,
The seruice of the state, then of my house,
I looke vpon thee with a louing eye,
That one day will prefer thy destinie.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir the Lords be at hand,

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight attend vs,
And looke you all things be in perfect readinesse.

The Life and Death

*The Musicks playes. Enter Cardinall Wolfay, Sir
Thomas Moore and Gardiner.*

Wol. O sir *Christopher* you are too liberall, what a banquet to?

Hal. My Lordes if wordes could show, the ample welcome,
That my free hart affordes you; I could then become a prater:
But I now must deale like a feast *Politian*,
With your Lordshippes, deferre your welcome till the banquet end,
That it may then salve our defect of faire:
Yet Welcome now and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kinde maister of the Roules,
Come and sit downe, sit downe sir *Thomas Moore*:
Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ,
Their dinner, is our banquet after dinner,
And they are men of active disposition,
This I gather, that by their sparing meate:
Their bodie is more fitter for the warres,
And if that famine chance to pinch their inawes,
Being vsde to fast it breedes lesse paine.

Hal. Fill me some Wine: He answer *Cardinall Wolfay*:
My Lord we Spaniardes are of more freer soules,
Then hungerstarued, and ill complexioned spaniardes,
They that are rich in Spaine, spare bellie foode;
To deck their backes with an Italian hood,
And Silkes of Ciuill: And the poorest Snake,
That feedes on Lemmons, Pilchers, and neare heated
His paller with sweete flesh, will beare a case,
More fat and gallant, then his starued face,
Pride, the Inquisition, and this bellie euill,
Are in my iudgement, Spaines three headed diuell.

Mo. Indeepe it is a plague vnto their nation,
And stager after in blinde imitation.

Hal. My Lords with welcome, I present your Lordships
A sollemne health.

Mo. I loue health well, but when heathes doe bring,
Paine to the head, and bodies surfeiting,
Then cease I heathes: nay I will not friend,

For





of the Lord Cromwell.

For though the drops be small,
Yet haue they force to force men to the wall.

Wol. Sir *Christopher* is that your man.

Hal. And like your grace he is a Scholler, and a *Lingest*,
One that hath trauelled manie partes of Christendome my Lorde,

Wol. My friend come nearer, haue you beene a trauelier.

Cro. My Lord I haue added to my knowledge, the loe Countries,
France, Spaine, Germanie, and Italie:

And though small gaine, of profit I did finde,
Yet did it please my eye, content my minde.

Wol. What doe you thinke of the seuerall states,
And princes Courtes as you haue trauelled.

Cro. My Lord no Court with England may compare,
Neither for state nor ciuill gouernement:
Lust dwelles in *France*, in *Italie*, and *Spaine*,
From the poore pesant to the Princes traine,
In *Germanie*, and *Holland* riot serues,
And he that most can drinke, most he deserues:
England I praise not: for I here was borne,
But that she laugheth the others vnto scorne.

Wol. My Lord there dwelles within that spirite,
More then can be discerned by ourwarde eye,
Sir *Cristopher* will you part with your man.

Hal. I haue sought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I see he hath preferred himselfe.

Wol. What is thy name.

Crom. *Cromwell* my Lorde.

Wol. Then *Cromwell* here we make thee Solliciter of our causes,
And nearest next our selfe:

Gardiner giue you kinde welcome to the man.

Gardiner imbraces him.

Mo. My Lorde you are a royall Winer,
Hath got a man besides your bountious dinner,
Well Knight, praie we come no more:
If we come often, or shut vp thy doore.

Wol. Sir *Christopher* haddest hadst thou giuen me,
Halfe thy landes: thou couldest not haue pleased me:

The Life and Death

So much as with this man of thine,
My infant thoughtes do spell:
Shortlie his fortune shall be lifted higher,
True industrie doth kindle honours fier,
And so kinde maister of the Roules farewell.

Hal. Cromwell farewell.

Cro. Cromwell takes his leaue of you,
That neare will leaue to loue and honour you.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now *Cromwells* highest fortunes doth begin, *The Mnsicke plays,*
Wolsey that loued him as he did his life: *as they go in.*
Committed all his treasure to his hands,
Wolsey is dead, and *Gardiner* his man,
Is now created Bishop of *Winchester*:
Pardon if we omit all *Wolseys* life,
Because our play dependes on *Cromwelles* death,
Now sit and see his highest state of all;
His haight of rysing: and his sodaine fall,
Pardon the errors is all readie past,
And liue in hope the best doth come at last:
My hope vpon your fauour doth depend,
And looke to haue your liking ere the end. *Exit.*

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, The Dukes
of Norffolke, and of Suffolke, Sir Thomas
Moore, Sir Christopher Halles,
and Cromwell.

Nor. Maister *Cromwell* since Cardinall *Wolseys* death,
His maiestie is giuen to vnderstand:
Theres certaine billes and writings in your hand,
That much concernes the state of England,
My Lord of *Winchester* is it not so.

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolke*, we two weare whilom fellowes,
And maister *Cromwell*, though our maisters loue:

Did



of the Lord Cromwell.

Did binde vs, while his loue was to the King,
It is no boote now to denie these things,
Which may be preiudiciall to the state :
And though that God hath rai'de my fortune hyer,
Then any way I lookt for, or deseru'de.
Yet my life no longer with me dwell,
Then I prooue true vnto my Soueraigne:
What say you maister *Cromwell*? haue you those writings, I, or no?

Crom. Here are the writings, and vpon my knees,
I giue them vp, vnto the worthy Dukes,
Of Suffolke, and of Norffolke: he was my Maister,
And each vertuous part,
That liued in him, I tenderd with my hart,
But what his head complotted gainst the state.
My countries loue commands me that to hate:
His sudden death I greeue for, not his fall,
Because he sought to worke my countries thrall.

Suff. Cromwell, the King shall here of this thy dutie,
Whom I assure my selfe will well rewarde thee:
My Lord lets go vnto his Maiestie,
And show these writings which he longs to see.

Exit Norffolke and Suffolke.

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, whose this *Cromwell*?
By by soule, welcome to England:
Thou once didst saue my life, didst not *Cromwell*?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glorie for me, that you remember it,
Then of my selfe vaine lie to report it.

Bed. Well *Cromwell*, now is the time,
I shall commend thee to my Soueraigne:
Cheere vp thy selfe, for I will raise thy state,
A *Russell* yet was neuer found ingrate.

Exit.

Hales. O how vncertaine is the wheele of state;
Who lately greater then the Cardinall,
For feare, and loue: and now who lower lies?

Gaye

The Life and Death

Gaye honours are but Fortunes flatteries,
And whom this day, pride and promotion swels,
To morrow, enuie and ambition quels.

More. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poore Flie,
May boldlie say the wretches death is nigh.

Gard. I know his state and proud ambition,
Was too too violent to last ouer-long.

Hales. Who soares too neare the sunne with golden winges,
Mealtes them, to ruine his owne fortune bringes.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suf. *Cromwell* kneele downe in king *Henries* name,
Arise sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus beginnes thy fame.

Enter the Duke of Norffolke.

Norf. *Cromwell* the maieslie of England,
For the good liking he conceiues of thee:
Makes thee maister of the iewell house,
Chiefe Secretarie to himselfe, and with all,
Creates thee one of his highnesse priuie Counsell.

Enter the Earle of Bedforde.

Bed. Where is sir *Thomas Cromwell* is he knighted,
Suf. He is my Lorde.

Bed. Then to adde honour to his name,
The King creates him Lord keeper of his priuie Scale:
And maister of the Roules,
Which you sir *Christopher* do now enioy;
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords, these honors are too high for my desert,

More. O content thee man, who would not choose it,
Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it.

Gard. Heres honors, titles, and promotions,
I feare this climbing, will haue a sudden fall.

Narf.



of the Lord Cromwell.

Norff. Then come my Lords, lets altogether bring,
This new made Counsellor to Englands King.

Exit all but Gardiner.

Gard. But *Gardiner* meanes his glorie shall be dimde:
Shall *Cromwell* liue a greater man then I,
My enuie with his honour now is bred,
I hope to shorten *Cromwell* by the head.

Exit.

Enter Friskiball very poore.

Fris. O *Friskiball*, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turne,
Fortune that turnes her too vnconstant wheele,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the Sea,
All parts abroad where euer I haue beene,
Growes wearie of me, and denies me succour,
My debtors they, that should releue my want,
Forswears my monie, saies they owe me none:
They know my state too meane, to beare out law,
And here in London, where I oft haue beene,
And haue done good to manie a wretched man,
Am now most wretched here, dispisd my selfe,
In vaine it is, more of their hearts to trie,
Be patient therefore, laye thee downe and die.

He lies downe.

*Enter good man Seely, and his
wife Ioane.*

Seely. Come *Ioane*, come, lets see what heele doe for vs now?
It is we haue done for him, when many a time and often he might
haue gone a hungrie to bed.

Wife. Alas man, now he is made a Lord, heele neuer looke vpon
vs, heele fullfill the old Prouerbe: Set Beggers a horse-backe, and
theile ride: A welli day for thy Cowe such as he, hath made vs come
behinde hand, we had neuer pawnd our Cowe els to pay our rent.

E

Seely.

The Life and Death

Seely. Well ~~lowe~~ heele come this waye : and by Gods dickers ile tell him roundlie of it, and if hee were tenne Lordes : a shall knowe that I had not my Cheefe and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Doe you remember husband how hee woulde mouch vp my Cheefe cakes, he hath forgot this now, but wee le remember him.

Seelie. I we shall haue now three flappes with a Foxe taile: but I faith ile gibber a ioynte, but ile tell him his owne: staye who comes heere, O stand vppe heere hee comes; stand vppe.

Enter Hodge verie fine with a Tipstaffe, Cromwell, the Mace carryed before him: Norffolke, and Suffolke, and attendants.

Hod. Come away with these beggars here, rise vp sirra, Come out the good people: runne afore there ho.

Friskiball riseth, and stands a farre off.

Seelie. I wee are kicked awaye now, wee come for our owne, the time hath beene he woulde a looked more friendlye vpon vs: And you *Hodge*, we know you well inough though you are so fine.

Cro. Come hether sirrah, stay what men are these, My honest Host of Hounslow, and his wife: I owe thee mony father, do I not.

Seelie. I by the bodie of mee dooest thou, woulde thou wouldest paye me, good foure pound it is, I haue a the poste at home.

Cro. I know tis true, sirra giue him ten Angels, And looke your wife, and you do stay to dinner: And while you liue: I freelic giue to you, Foure pound a yeare, for the foure pound I ought you.

Seelie. Art not changed, art ould *Tom* still, Now God blesse the good Lord *Tom*:

Home.





of the Lord Cromwell.

Home *I come* home, Ile dine with my Lorde *Tom* to day,
And thou shalt come next weeke,
Fetch my Cow, home *I come*, home.

Wife. Now God bleſſe thee, my good Lorde *Tom*,
Ile fetch my Cow preſentlie,

Exit Wife.

Enter Gardiner.

*Co. I*ke, goe to yon ſtranger, tell him I deſire him
Stay at dinner, I muſt ſpeake with him;

Gar. My Lorde of *Norfolke*: ſee you this ſame bubble,
That ſame puffe, but marke the end, my Lord marke the ende,

Nor. I promiſe you, I like not ſomthing he hath done,
But let that paſſe, the King doth loue him well.

Co. God morrow to my Lord of *Wincheſter*,
I know you beare me hard, about the Abbie landes,

Gar. Haue I not reaſon, when religion is wronged,
You had no colour for what you haue done,

Co. Yes the abolishing of Antichriſt,
And of this Popiſh order from our Realme:

I am no enemy to religion,
But what is done, it is for Englands good,
What did they ſerue for but to feede a ſort:
Of lazie Abbotes, and of full fed Fryers,
They neither plow, nor ſowe, and yet they reape,
The fat of all the Land, and ſucke the poore:
Looke what was theirs, is in King *Henries* handes,
His wealth before lay in the Abbie lands.

Gar. Indeede theſe things you haue alledged my Lord,
When God doth know the infant yet vnborne:
Will curſe the time, the Abbies were puld downe,
I pray now where is hoſpitality,
Where now may poore diſtreſſed people go:
For to relecue their neede, or reſt their bones,
When weary trauell doth oppreſſe their limmes,
And where religious men ſhould take them in,

The Life and Death

Shall now be kept backe with a Masseue dogge,
And thousand thousand.

Nor. O my Lord no more : thinges past redresse,
Tis bootelesse to complaine.

Cro. What shall we to the Conuocation house,

Nor. Weele follow you my Lord praie leade the way.

Enter Old Cromwell like a Farmer.

Old.Cro. How, one *Cromwell* made Lord Keeper since I left Putney
And dwelt in Yorkshire, I neuer hard better newes :
Ile see that *Cromwell*, or it shall goe hard.

Cro. My aged father : Rate set aside,
Father on my knee I craue your blessing:
One of my seruantes go and haue him in,
At better leasure will we talke with him.

Old.Cro. Now if I die, how happy were the day,
To see this comfort raines forth showers of ioy.

Exit Olde Cromwell.

Nor. This dutie in him shewes a kinde of grace

Cro. Go on before for time drawes on apace.

Exit altho Friskiball.

Frisk. I wonder what this Lord would haue with me,
His man so stricke lie gaue me charge to stay:
I neuer did offend him to my knowledge,
Well, good or bad, I meane to bide it all,
Worse then I am, now neuer can befall.

Enter Banister and his wife.

Ba. Come wife I take it be almost dinner time,
For maister *Newton*, and maister *Crosbie* sent to me:
Last night, they would come dine with me,
And take their bond in : I pray thee hie thee home,
And see that all things be in readinesse.

Mi. Ba. They shalbe welcome, husband ile go before,
But is not that man maister *Friskiball*?

She runnes and embraces him.

Ba. O

of the Lord Cromwell.

Ba. O heauens it is kinde maister *Friskiball*,
Say fir, what hap hath brought you to this paffe

Fris. The same that brought you to your misery.

Ba. Why would you not acquaint me with your state,
Is Banister your poore friend quite forgot:

Whose goods, whose love, whose life and all is yours.

Fri. I thought your visage would be as the rest,
 That had more kindnesse at my handes then you,
 Yet looked asconce, when as they saw me poore:

Mi. Ba. If Banister should beare so backe a hart,
I neuer would looke my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ba. And well thou mightest, should *Baniſter* deale ſo,
 Since that I ſaw you ſir, my ſtate is mended:
 And for the thouſand pound I owe to you,
 I haue it ready, for you ſir at home,
 And though I greeue your fortune is ſo bad;

Yet that my hap's to helpe you, makes me glad,
And now fir will it please you walke with me.

Frij. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancelour,
Hath here commaunded me to waight on him,
For what I know not: pray God tis for my good.

Ba. Neuer make doubt, of that ile warrant you,
 He is as kinde a noble gentleman:
 As euer did possesse the place he hath.

Mi.Ba. Sir my brother is his steward if you please,
Weale go along, and beare you company:
I know we shall not want for welcome there.

Fris. Withall my hart : but whats become of *Bagot*.

BA. He is hanged, for buying jewels of the Kinges.

Pris. A just reward for one so impious,
The time draws on, fir will you go along.

BA. Ile follow you kinde maister Friskiball.

Exit Omnes.

The Life and Death

Enter two Marchants.

1. Now maister *Crosbie*, I see you have a care,
To keepe your word, in paiement of your monie,

2. By my faith I haue reason vpon a bond,
Three thousand pound is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not Maister *Banister*.

1. By my faith your sunnime is more then mine,
And yet I am not much behinde you too,
Considering that to day I paid at court,

2. Masse and well remembred:

Whats the reason the Lord *Cromwell* men,
Weare such long skirts vpon their coates,
They reach almost downe to their verie ham.

1. I will resolute you sir, and thus it is;
The Bishop of *Winchester*, that loues not *Cromwell*,
As great men are enuied, as well as lesse.

A while agoe there was a iarre betweene them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell* care,
That Bishop *Gardiner* would sit on his skirt,
Vpon which word, he made his men long Blew coates,
And in the Court wore one of them himselfe:

And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord
Here's skirt enough now for your Grace to sit on,
Which vexed the Bishop to the very hart,
This is the reason why they weare long coates.

2. Tis alwaies scene, and marke it for a rule,
That one great man will enuie still another:

But tis a thing that nothing concernes me:

What shall we now to Maister *Banister*?

1. I come, weele pay him royally for our dinner, *Exit.*

*Enter the Vicer and the Shewer, the meate goes
ouer the Stage.*

Enter Vncover there Gentlemen.

Enter



of the Lord Cromwell.

*Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolke, Old Cromwell,
Friskiball, goodman Seclie, and
attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lordes of *Suffolke* and of *Bedford*,
Your honors welcome to poore *Cromwells* house :
Where is my father? nay be couered Father,
Although that duty to these noble men, doth challenge it
Yet Ile make bolde with them.

Your head doth beare the callender of care :
What *Cromwell* couered, and his Father bare,
It must not be. Now sir to you,

Is not your name *Friskiball* and a *Florentine*.

Fris. My name was *Friskiball*, till cruell fate,
Did rob me of my name and of my state.

Crom. What fortune brought you to this countrie now?

Fri. All other parts hath left me succorlesse,
Saue onellie this, because of debts I haue,
I hope to gaine for to relecue my want.

Crom. Did you not once vpon your *Florence* bridge,
Helpe two distressed men, robd by the *Bandetro*,
His name was *Cromwell*?

Fri. I neuer made my braine a calender of any good I did,
I alwaies lou'd this nation with my heart.

Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there relecued,
Sixteene Duckets you gaue me for to cloath me,
Sixteene to beare my charges by the way,
And sixteene more I had for my horse hier,
There be those seuerall summes iustlie returnd,
Yet with iniustice, seruing at my need,
And to repay them without interest,
Therefore receiue of me these foure seuerall bags,
In each of them there is foure hundred marke,
And bring me the names of all your debtors,
And if they will not see you paide, I will:

O God

The Life and Death

O God forbid, that I should see him fall,
That helpt me in my greatest need of all:
Here stands my Father that first gaue me life,
Alas what dutie is too much for him:
This man in time of need did saue my life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him,
By this old man I often times was fed,
Els might I haue gone supperlesse to bed.
Such kindnesse haue I had of these three men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repaie againe:
Now in to dinner, for we stay too long,
And to good stomacks is no greater wrong.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gardiner in his studie, and his man.

Gard. Sirra, where be those men I cauld to stay?

Ser. They do attend your pleasure sir within.

Gard. Bid them come hether, and stay you without,

For by those men, the Foxe of this same land,

That makes a Goose of better then himselfe,

Weele worie him ynto his latest home,

Or *Gardiner* will faile in his intent.

As for the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norffolke*,

Whom I haue sent for to come speake with me,

Howsoeuer outwardlie they shadow it.

Yet in their hearts I know they loue him not:

As for the Earle of *Bedford* he is but one,

And dares not gaine-say what we do set downe:

Enter the two witnesses.

Now my friends, you know I sau'd your liues,

When by the law you had deserued death,

And then you promised me vpon your othes,

To venture both your liues to do me good.

Both wit. We swore no more, then that we will performe.

Gard. I take your words, and that which you must do,

of the Lord Cromwell.

Is seruice for you God, and for your King,
To roote a rebell from this flourishing land,
One thats an enemie vnto the Church :
And therefore must you take your solemne oathes,
That you heard *Cromwell* the Lord Chauncellor,
Did with a dagger at King *Henries* hart :
Feare not to sweare it, for I hard him speake it,
Therefore wee le shield you from insuing harmes.

2. Wit. If you will warrant vs the deed is good,
Wee le vndertake it.

Gar. Kneele downe, and I wil here absolue you both,
This Crucifix I lay vpon your head,
And sprinkle holy-water on your browes,
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase grace from heauen.

1. Now sir wee le vndertake it by our soules.

2. For *Cromwell* neuer loued none of our sort.

Gar. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will preferre you to some place of worth :
Now get you in, vntill I call for you,
For presentlie the Dukes meanes to be here. *Exit wit.*
Cromwell sit fast, thy time's not long to raigne,
The Abbies that were puld downe by thy meanes,
Is now a meane for me to pull thee downe :
Thy pride vpon thy owne head lights vpon,
For thou art he hath changd religion :
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolke, Norffolke, and the Earle of Bedford.

Suff. Goodden to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what are you all alone?

Gar. No not alone my Lords, my mind is troubled :
I know your honours muse wherefore I sent,
And in such hast : What came you from the King ?

Norff. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.

F

Gar.

The Life and Death

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we liue in,
Theres *Thomas Wolfay*, hees alreadie gone,
And *Thomas Moore*, he followed after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remaine,
That is satre worse then either of those twaine,
And if with speed my Lords we not pursue it,
I feare the King and all the land will rue it.

Bed. Another *Thomas*, pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that traitor *Cromwell*.

Bed. Is *Cromwell* false, my hart will neuer thinke it.

Suff. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
Or prooffe haue you of this his treacherie.

Gard. My Lord too much, call in the men within, *Enter*
These men my Lord vpon their othes affirme, *witnesses*.
That they did here Lord *Cromwell* in his garden,
Wished a dagger sticking at the hart,
Of our King *Henrie*, what is this but treason?

Bed. If it be so, my hart doth bleed with sorrow.

Suff. How say you friends, what did you here these words?

1. wit. We did and like your grace.

Norff. In what place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spake them?

2. wit. In his Garden, where we did attend a site,
Which we had waited for two yeare and more.

Suff. How long ist since you heard him speake these words?

2. wit. Some halfe yeare since.

Bed. How chance that you conceald it all this time?

1. wit. His greatnesse made vs feare, that was the cause,

Gard. I, I, his greatnesse thats the cause indeed,
And to make his treason here more manifest,

He calles his seruants to him round about,

Telles them of *Wolfayes* life, and of his fall,

Saies that him selfe hath manie enemies,

And giues to some of them a Parke or Manor,

To others Leases, Lands to other some:

What need he doe thus in his prime of life,

And if he were not fearfull of his death.

Suff.



of the Lord Cromwell.

Suff. My Lord these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me Lords, for I must needs depart,
Their proofes are great, but greater is my heart.

Exit Bedford.

Norff. My friends take heed of that which you haue said,
Your soules must answer what your tongues reports:
Therefore take heed, be warie what you doe.

2. Wis. My Lord we speake no more but truth.

Norff. Let them depart my Lord of Winchester,
Let these men be close kept,
Vntill the day of triall.

Gar. They shall my Lord: hoe take in these two men,

Exit witnesses.

My Lords, if *Cromwell* haue a publike triall,
That which we do, is voide by his deniall:

You know the king will credit none but him.

Nor. Tis true, he rules the King euen as he please.

Suff. How shall we do for to attache him then,

Gar. Marie my Lords thus, by an Acte he made himselfe,
With an intent to intrap some of our liues,

And this it is: If any Councillor

Be conuicted of high treason,

He shall be executed without a publike triall,

This Act my Lords he cauld the King to make.

Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall vpon himselfe.

Nor. Let vs not slack it, tis for Englands good,
We must be warie, els heele go beyond vs.

Gar. Well hath your Grace said my Lord of *Norffolke*
Therefore let vs presently to *Lambeth*,

Thether comes *Cromwell* from the Court to night,

Let vs arest him, send him to the Tower,

And in the morning, cut off the traitors head.

Nor. Come then about it, let vs guard the towne,
This is the day that *Cromwell* must go downe.

Gar. Along my Lords, well *Cromwell* is halfe dead,

The Life and Death

He shaked my hart, but I will shaue his head. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My soule is like a water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it so,
O *Cromwell* I do feare thy end is neare:
Yet Ile preuent their malice if I can,
And in good time, see where the man doth come,
Who little knowes how neares his day of dome.

*Enter Cromwell with his traine, Bedford makes as though
he would speake to him: he goes on.*

Cro. Your well encountered my good Lord of *Bedford*,
I see your honour is adressed to talke,
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to the king,
And do not know the businesse yet my selfe,
So fare you well, for I must needes be gone.

Exit all the traine.

Bed. You must, well what remedie,
I feare too soone you must be gone indeed;
The king hath businesse, but little doest thou know,
Whose busie for thy life: thou thinkes not so.

Enter Cromwell and the traine agayne.

Crom. The second time wel met my Lord of *Bedford*,
I am very sory that my halt is such,
Lord *Marques Dorset* beeing sicke to death,
I must receaue of him the priue seale
At Lambeth, soone my Lord weele talke our fill,

Exit the traine.

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to death.

Enter a servant.

Mes. My Lord, the dukes of *Norfolke* and of *Suffolke*.

Accom-

of the Lord Cromwell.

Accompanied with the Bishop of Winchester,
Intreats you to come presently to Lambeth,
On earnest matters that concernes the state.

Bed. To Lambeth, so: goe fetch me pen and inke,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talke enough,
I and our last I feare and if he come, (*He writes a letter.*)
Heare take this letter, and beare it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, say it concernes him neare,
Away begone, make all the hast you can,
To Lambeth do I goe a woefull man. *Exit.*

Enter Cromwell and his traine.

Crom. Is the Barge readie I will straight to Lambeth,
And if this one dayes businesse once were past,
I'd take my ease to morrow after trouble,
How now my friend wouldst thou speake with me.

*The Messenger brings him the
letter, he puts it in his pocket.*

Mes. Sir heares a letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.

Crom. O good my friend commend me to thy Lord,
Hould take those Angels, drinke them for thy paynes;

Mes. He doth desire your grace to reade it,
Because he sayes it doth concerne you neare.

Crom. Bid him assure himselfe of that, farewell,
To morrow tell him shall he heare from me,
Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Winchester, Suffolke, Norfolke, Bedford, Sargiant
at armes, the Harauld, and halberts.*

Gar. Halberts stand close vnto the water side,
Sargiant at armes be bould in your office,
Harrauld deliuer your proclamation.

Ha. This is to giue notice to all the kings subiects

The Life and Death

The late Lord *Cromwell* Lord Chancellor of England,
Vicor generall ouer the realme,
Him to hould and esteeme as a traytor,
Agaynst the Crowne and dignitie of England,
So God saue the king.

Gar. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and roote thee from the land,
For whilst thou liuest truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a lane there, the traitors at hand,
Keepe backe *Cromwells* men,
Drowne them if they come on, Sargiant your office,

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halbertes.

Cro. What meanes my Lord of *Norfolke* by these wordes,
Sirs come along.

Gar. Kill them if they come on.

Sar. Lord *Cromwell* in king *Henries* name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

Crom. Sargiant me of treason.

Cromwells men offer to drawe.

Suf. Kill them if they draw a sworde.

Crom. Hould I charge you, as you loue me draw not a sworde,
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of treason now.

Gar. This is no place to reckon vp your crime,
Your Doue-like lookes were viewed with serpents eyes,

Crom. With serpents eyes indeed, by thine they were,

But *Gardiner* do thy woorst, I feare thee not,

My sayth compared with thine as much shall passe,

As doth the Diamond excell the glasse :

Attached of treason, no accusers by,

Indeede what tongue dares speake so foule a lie.

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well knowne,
And it is time the king had note thereof.

Crom. The king, let me goe to him face to face,
No better triall I desire then that,

Let



of the Lord Cromwell.

Let him but say that *Cromwells* sayth was sayned,
Then let my honour, and my name be stayned:
If euer my hart agaynst my king was set,
O let my soule in Iudgement aunswere it,
Then if my saythes confirmed with his reason,
Gaynst whom hath *Cromwell* then committed treason,

Suf. My Lord your matter shall be tried,
Meane time, with patience content your selfe.

Cro. Perforce I must with patience be content,
O deare friend *Bedford* dost thou stand so neare,
Cromwell reioyceth one friend sheds a teare,
And whether ist, which way must *Cromwell* now?

Gar. My Lord you must vnto the tower,
Lieutenant take him to your charge.

Cro. Well where you please, yet before I part,
Let me conferre a little, with my men.

Gar. As you goe by water so you shall.

Cro. I haue some businesse present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay Lieutenant take your charge.

Cro. Well, well my Lord, you second *Gardiners* text,
Norfolke farewell, thy turne will be the next.

Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.

Gar. His guiltie conscience makes him raue my Lord,

Nor. I let him talke his time is short enough.

Gar. My Lord of *Bedford*, come you weepe for him,
That would not shed halfe a teare for you.

Bed. It grieues me for to see his sudden fall.

Gar. Such successe with I to traitours still. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. Why? can this newes be true ist possible,
The great Lord *Cromwell* arreasted vpon treason,
I hardly will beleue it can be so,

2. It is too true sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent halfe the wealth I had,

The Life and Death

I was at *Lambeth*, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1. What wast for treason that he was committed?

2. Kinde noble Gentleman, I may rue the time,
All that I haue, I did inioy by him,
And if he die, then all my state is gone.

1. It may be doubted that he shall not die,
Because the King did fauour him so much.

2. O sir, you are deceiued in thinking so,
The grace and fauour he had with the king,
Hath causde him haue so manie enemies :
He that in court secure will keepe himselfe,
Must not be great, for then he is enuied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth loue aboue compare,
Of others they as much more enuied are.

1. Tis pittie that this noble man should fall,
He did so many charitable deeds.

2. Tis true, and yet you see in each estate,
Theres none so good but some one doth him hate.
And they before would smile him in the face,
Will be the formost to do him disgrace :
What will you go along vnto the Court ?

1. I care not if I do, and here the newes.
How men will iudge what shall become of him.

2. Some will speake hardly, some will speake in pitie,
Go you to the Court, Ile vnto the Citie,
There I am sure to here more newes then you.

1. Why then soone will we meet againe. *Exit.*

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now *Cromwell*, hast thou time to meditate,
And thinke vpon thy state, and of the time,
Thy honours came vnought, I and vnlooked for,
Thy fall as sudden, and vnlooked for to,

What



of the Lord Cromwell.

What glorie was in England that I had not,
Who in this land commanded more then *Cromwell*,
Except the King who greater then my selfe,
But now I see, what after ages shall,
The greater man, more sudden is their fall.
And now I do remember the Earle of *Bedford*
Was very desirous for to speake to me,
And afterward sent to me a letter,
The which I thinke I haue still in my pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now haue leasure,
And this I take it is. *He reads the Letter.*

*My Lord come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your state is ouerthrowne.
And much I doubt your life, and if you come:
Then if you loue your selfe, stay where you are.*

O God had I but read this letter,
Then had I beene free from the Lions paw,
Deferring this, to read vntill to morrow,
I spurnd at ioy, and did imbrace my sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and officers.

Now maister *Lientenant*, when's this day of death.

Lieu. Alas my Lord would I might neuer see it,
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norffolke*,
Winchester, *Bedford*, and sir *Richard Ratcliffe*,
With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepard,
For *Gardiner* has my state and life insnard,
Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong,
For here stands he, whom some thinkes liues too long,
Learning killes learning, and instead of Inck
To dip his Pen, *Cromwells* heart blood doth drinke.

G

Enter

The Life and Death

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good morrow *Cromwell*, what alone so sad.

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad,
For my part, it best fits me be alone,
Sadnesse with me, not I with any one.

What is the king acquainted with my cause?

Nor. We haue, and he hath answered vs my Lord.

Cro. How, shall I come to speake with him my selfe?

Gard. The King is so aduertised of your guilt,
He will by no meanes admit you to his presence.

Cro. No way admit me, am I so soone forgot,
Did he but yesterday imbrace my neck,
And said that *Cromwell* was euen halfe himselfe,
And is his Princely eares so much bewitched
With scandalous ignomie, and slanderous speeches,
That now he dooth denie to looke on me,

Well my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you,

Are much in fauour with his Maiestie,

Will you beare a letter from me to his grace?

Gard. Pardon me, ile beare no traitors letters.

Crom. Ha, will you do this kindnesse then?

Tell him by word of mouth, what I shall say to you.

Gard. That will I do.

Crom. But on your honour will you?

Gard. I on my honor.

Crom. Beare witnesse Lords,

Tell him when he hath knowne you,

And tried your faith but halfe so much as mine,

Heele finde you to be the falsest hearted man

In England: Pray tell him this.

Bed. Be patient good my Lord in these extreames.

Crom. My kinde and honorable Lord of *Bedford*,

I know your honor alwaies loued me well,

But pardon me, this still shall be my theame,

Gardiner





of the Lord Cromwell.

Gardiner is the cause makes *Cromwell* so extreame,
Sir *Ralph Sadler*, pray a word with you,
You were my man, and all that you possesse
Came by my meanes, to requite all this,
Will you take this letter here of me,
And giue it with your owne hands to the king.

Sad. I kisse your hand, and neuer will I rest,
Eare to the king this be deliuered. *Exit Sadler.*

Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one friend in store,

Gard. But all the hast he makes shall be but vaine;
Heres a discharge for your prisoner,
To see him executed presentlie :

My Lord, you here the tenor of your life.

Crom. I doe imbrace it, welcome my last date,
And of this glistering world I take last leaue,
And noble Lords, I take my leaue of you,
As willinglie I goe to meete with death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his breath,
From treason is my hart as white as Snowe,
My death onlie procured by my foe :
I pray commend me to my Soueraigne king,
And tell him in what sort his *Cromwell* died,
To loose his head before his cause were tride :
But let his Grace, when he shall here my name,
Say onely this, *Gardiner* procured the same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lien. Here is your sonne come to take his leaue.

Crom. To take his leaue,
Come hether *Harry Cromwell*,
Marke boye the last words that I speake to thee,
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawne vpon her,
Gape not for state, yet loose no sparke of honor,
Ambition, like the plague see thou eschew it,
I die for treason boy, and neuer knew it,
Yet let thy faith as spotlesse be as mine,
And *Cromwells* vertues in thy face shall shine.

The Life and Death

Come goe along and see me leaue my breath,
And Ile leaue thee ~~and the measure~~ of death.

Son. O father I shall die to see that wound,
Your blood being spilt will make my hart to sound.

Cro. How boy, not looke vpon the Axe,
How shall I do then to haue my head stroke off,
Come on my childe and see the end of all,
And after say that Gardiner was my fall.

Gar. My Lord you speake it of an enuious hart,
I haue done no more then lawe and equitie.

Bed. O good my Lord of *Winchester* forbear,
It would a better seemed you to beene absent,
Then with your wordes disturbe a dying man.

Cro. Who me my Lord, no he disturbes not me,
My minde he stirres not, though his mightie shooke,
Hath brought mo peeres heads downe to the blocke,
Farewell my boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hartie blessing, so I take my leaue.

Hang. I am your deaths man, pray my Lord forgiue me.

Crom. Euen with my soules, why man thou art my Doctor,
And bringes me precious Phisicke for my soule,
My Lord of *Bedford* I desire of you,
Before my death a corporall imbrace.

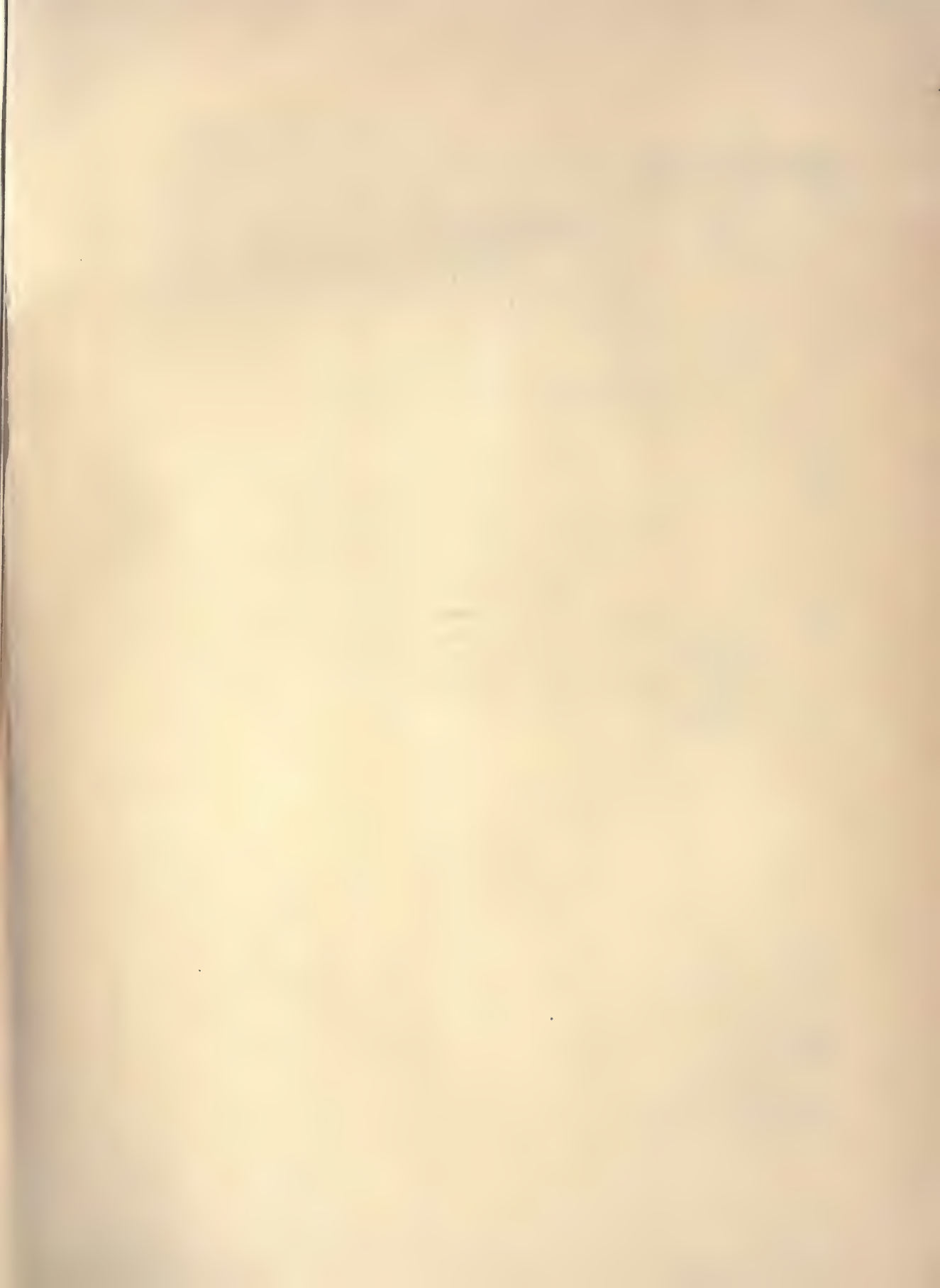
*Bedford comes to him, Crom-
well imbraces him.*

Farewell great Lord, my loue I do commend.
My hart to you, my soule to heauen I send,
This is my ioy that eare my bodie fleete,
Your honourd armes is my true winding sheete,
Farewell deare *Bedford*, my peace is made in heauen,
Thus fallles great *Cromwell* a poore ell in length,
To rise to vmeasured height, winged with new strength.
The land of Wormes, which dying men discover,
My soule is shrinde with heauens celestall cover.

Exit Cromwell and the officers, and others.

Bed. Well farewell *Cromwell* the truest friend,

That





of the Lord Cromwell.

That euer *Bedford* shall possesse
Well Lordes I feare when this
Youle wish in wayne that *Cromwell* had a

Enter one with Cromwels head.

Offi. Heare is the head of the deceased *Cromwell*.
Bed. Pray thee goe hence, and beare his heade away,
Vnto his bodie, inter them both in clay.

Enter sir Raulphe Sadler.

Sad. Ho now my Lordes, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?
Bed. Lord *Cromwells* body now doth want a heade,
Sad. O God a little speede had saued his life,
Here is a kinde repriue come from the king,
To bring him straight vnto his maiestie.
Suf. I, I sir *Raulph*, repriues comes now too late.
Gar. My conscience now telles me this deede was ill,
Would Christ that *Cromwell* were aliue againe.
No. Come let vs to the king whom well I know
Will grieue for *Cromwell*, that his death was so.

Excunt omnes.

FINIS.









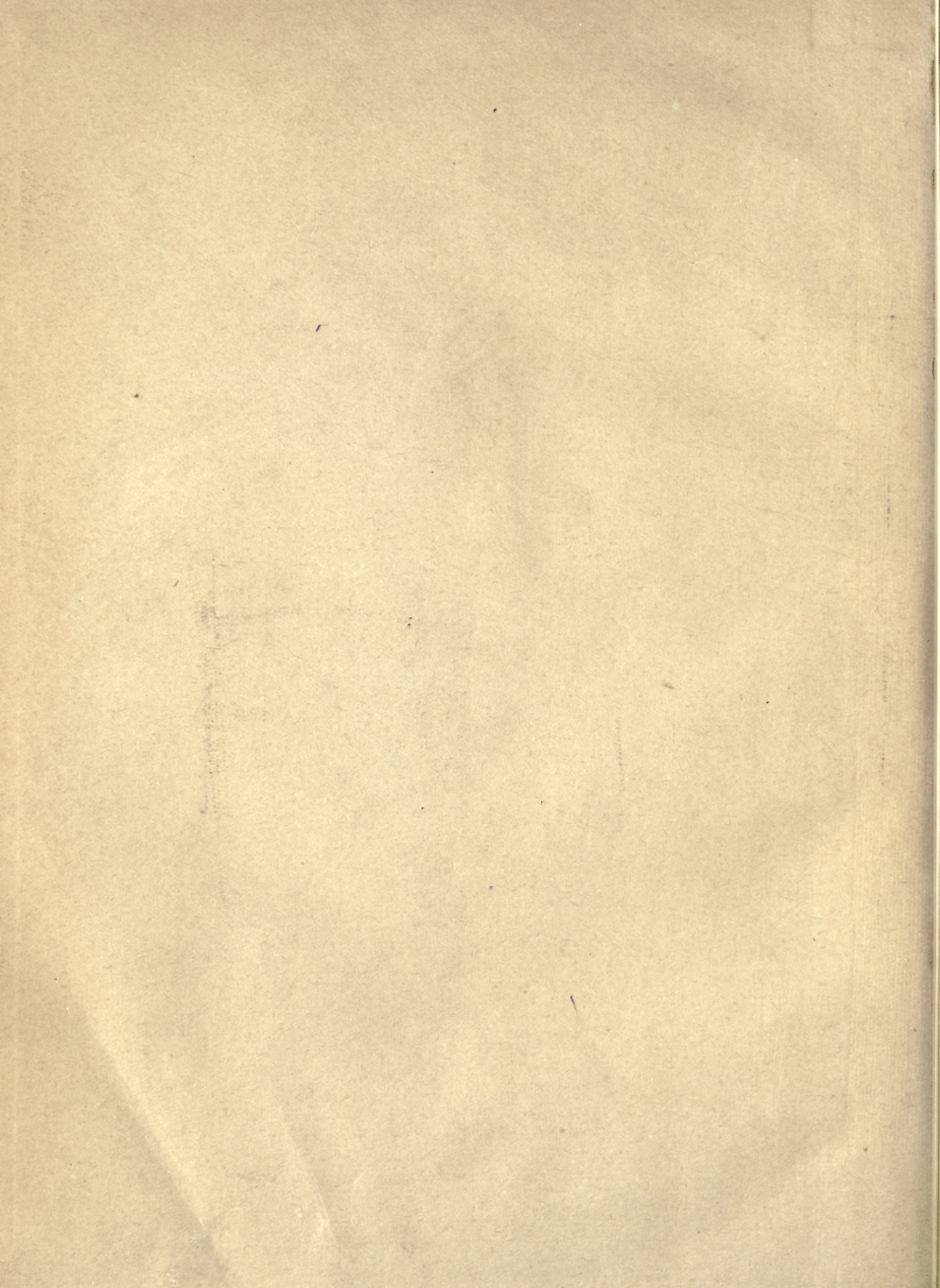












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